

Thunder and Eloquence.

The manner in which Whitefield once turned a thunder-storm to his purpose has been thus narrated. Before he commenced his sermon long, darkening columns crowded the bright, sunny sky of the morning, and swept their dull shadows over the building in fearful augury of the storm;

His text was, "strive to enter into the strait gate; for many, I say unto you, shall seek to enter in, and shall not be able." "See that emblem of human life," said he "pointing to a shadow that was flitting across the floor; 'it passed for a moment and concealed the brightness of heaven from our view, but it was gone. And where will ye be, my hearers, when your lives have passed away like that dark cloud? Oh, my dear friends, I see thousands sitting attentive, with their eyes fixed on the poor, unworthy preacher. In a few days we shall all meet at the judgment seat of Christ: we shall form a part of the vast assembly that will gather before the throne, and every eye will behold the Judge. With a voice whose call you must abide and answer, he will enquire whether on earth you strove to enter in at the straight gate; whether you were supremely devoted to God, whether your hearts were absorbed in him. My blood runs cold when I think how many of you will then seek to enter in, and will not be able. O what plea can you make before the Judge of the whole earth? Can you say it has been your whole endeavor to mortify the flesh, with its affections and lusts? that your life has been one long effort to do the will of God? No, you must answer, I made myself easy in the world by flattering myself that all would end well; but I have deceived my soul, and am lost.

"You, O false and hollow Christian, of what avail will it be that you have read much in the sacred word, that you have made long prayers, that you have attended to religious duties and appeared holy in the eyes of men? What will this be, if instead of loving him supremely, you have been supposing you should exalt yourself in heaven by acts really polluted and unholy?"

His eye gradually lighted up as he proceeded, till, toward the close, it seemed to sparkle with celestial fire.

"Oh, sinners," he exclaimed, "by all your hopes of happiness, I beseech you to repent. Let not the wrath of God be awakened; let not the fires of eternity be kindled against you. See there!" said he pointing at the lightning which played on the corner of the pulpit, "Tis a glance from the angry eye of Jehovah! Hark!" continued he, raising his finger in a listening attitude, as the distant thunder grew louder and louder, and broke in one tremendous crash over the building, "it was the voice of the Almighty as he passed by in his anger."

As the sound died away he covered his face with his hands and knelt besides his pulpit, apparently lost in inward and intense prayer. The storm passed rapidly away, and the sun bursting forth in his might, threw across the heavens a magnificent arch of peace. Rising and pointing to the beautiful object, he exclaimed—

"Look upon the rainbow, and praise him that made it. Very beautiful it is in the brightness thereof. It compasseth the heavens about with its glory and the hands of the Most High have banded it."—*Earnest Christian.*

How tenderly and sweetly falls the gentle "good night" into loving hearts as members of a family retire and separate for the night! What myriads of hasty words and thoughtless acts engendered in the hurry and business of the day are forever blotted out by its benign influences! Small tokens indeed; but it is the little courtesies that can so beautifully round off the square corners in the homes of laboring men and women. The simple, "I thank you," for a favor received, will fill with happiness the heart of the giver. True wealth is not counted by dollars and cents, but by the gratitude and affection of the heart.

If a home be happy, whether the owners possess a patch of ground or a thousand acres they are in the end wealthy far beyond any mere mathematical calculation. Then how much more lovingly are the sable folds of night gathered around the happy homes; how much more confidently do its members repose their weary bodies in the care of divine goodness, soothing their overtaxed minds to the realities of a beautiful dream land; awakened, refreshed and invigorated for the coming day's labor by having bid their loved ones good night. And it, during this life we have faithfully attended to all these little courtesies, these little soul's need; if we have guarded carefully all God's hearts placed in our keeping, at the close of its brief, yet eventful day, how much easier to bid all our dearly beloved ones a final good night.

New Life.

We need new life in the ministry. We need men that will spend and be spent—that will labor and pray—that will watch and weep for souls.

In the life of Myconius, the friend of Luther, as given in Melchior Adam, we have the following beautiful and striking account of an event which proved the turning point of his history, and led him to devote his energies to the cause of Christ. The first night that he entered the monastery, intending to become a monk, he dreamed, and it seemed as if he was ranging a vast wilderness alone. Suddenly a guide appeared and led him onward to a most lovely vale, watered by a pleasant stream, but of that he was not permitted to taste; then to a marble fountain of pure water. He tried to kneel and drink. When, lo, a crucified Savior stood forth to view, from whose wounds gushed the copious stream. In a moment his guide flung him into the fountain. His mouth met the flowing wounds and he drank most sweetly, never to thirst again! No sooner had he refreshed himself than he was led away by his guide, to be taught what great things he was yet to do for the Crucified One, whose precious wounds had poured the living water into his soul. He came to a wide stretching plain covered with waving grain. His guide orders him to reap. He excuses himself by saying that he was wholly unskilled in such labor. "That you know not you shall learn," was the reply. They came nearer and saw a solitary reaper toiling at the sickle with such prodigious effort as if he were determined to reap the whole field himself. The guide orders him to join this laborer, and seizing a sickle shows him how to proceed. Again the guide led him to a hill. He surveys the vast plain beneath him, and wondering, asks how long it will take to reap such a field with such few laborers? "Before winter the last sickle must be thrust in," replied the guide. "Proceed with all your might. The Lord of the harvest will send more reapers soon." Wearied with his labors, Myconius rested for a little while. Again the Crucified One was at his side, wasted and marred in form. The guide laid his hand on Myconius saying, "Thou must be conformed to Him." With these words the dreamer awoke. But he awoke to a life of zeal and love. He found the Savior for his own soul, and he went forth to preach him to others. He took his place by the side of that noble reaper Martin Luther. He was stimulated by his example, and toiled with him in the vast field, till laborers arose on every side, and the harvest was reaped before the winter came. The lesson to us is, Thrust in your sickles. The fields are white, and they are wide in compass; the laborers are few, but there are some devoted ones toiling there already. In other years we have seen Whitefield and Hill putting forth enormous efforts, as if they would reap the whole field alone. Let us join ourselves to such men, and the Lord of the harvest will not leave us to toil alone.—*Horatius Bonar.*

A Happy Life.

God intends man to be happy. There is nothing in the range of human thought or vision, but is designed to contribute to this end. The opposite rises up so positively and so frequently that one looking at the status of human life is likely to be thrown into the conviction that the curse of the broken law rests upon everything created. Yet a more dispassionate view of things as God so marvellously spreads them out before us leads to the conclusion that the curse rests upon the race, and that the great Father has left many things in primary beauty and loveliness to remind fallen humanity of the garden of Eden before sin had been admitted, and to show that he who afflicts with one hand holds out the chalice of peace with the other. As the great works of God are seen and calmly considered, we are inevitably led to the conclusion that the Creator intended human happiness. Most of the trouble and sorrow that comes and blights our world is self-made.

There are many that go through life seeing only the thistles and thorns that were thrown into the pathway of the expelled pair. No beautiful flowers, no lovely landscapes, bright skies, flowing streams, quiet valleys, or majestic hills, are ever seen: All is sterility, blight and death.

God's grace in salvation affords the most bountiful means of human happiness; but this is not all. One may have this blessed assurance, and yet life be a comparative burden. It should not be so, but it is. The "vale of tears" should now and then be made to give place to exuberance of joy. Melancholy becomes so melancholy become so common to many that real, conscious happiness has no place in the soul for existence.

A healthy and cheerful acceptance of the things that God has thrown so lavishly around us, will do much to mitigate the gloom and send the sunshine of a happy life into the soul.

We are too much disposed to look to the earth instead of upwards. Joy comes from above. While the earth is designed to contribute to human happiness, all the springs of this glorious blessing are above us. It is the discerning eye and the hearing ear that the grand discovery of things designed for human happiness. We behold the footprints of Deity as we carefully and thoughtfully pass along the highway of life; as God is seen in the manifestations of his power and glory man is emboldened and made purer and happier. It is certainly a false philosophy that hangs the ultimate happiness of heaven upon the relative amount of sighs and tears in this life. Heaven will certainly be the brighter and better to those who are sharers in its bliss if something of its grandeur and glory be thrown into human life. May not the ineffable bliss of heaven be anticipated in our lives? Life's duties and possibilities most certainly can be thus more perfectly met. Let a happy life be experienced.—*Western Christian Advocate.*

Industry.

"Not slothful in business."—Rom., xii: 11.

There are some who have no business at all. They are of no use in the world; they are doing no good, and attempting none; and, when they are taken out of this world, their removal creates no vacancy. When an oak, or any noble, useful tree, is uprooted, his removal creates a blank. For years after, when you look to the place which once knew him, you see that something is missing. The branches of adjacent trees have not yet supplied the void.—They still hesitate to occupy the place formerly filled by their powerful neighbor; and there is still a deep chasm in the ground, a ragged pit, which shows how far his giant roots once spread.—But when a leafless pole, a wooden pin, is plucked up, it comes easy and clean away. There is no rending of the turf, no marring of the landscape, no vacancy created, no regret. It leaves no memento, and is never missed. Now, brethren, which are you? Are you cedars planted in the house of the Lord, casting a cool and grateful shadow on those around you? Are you palm trees, fat and flourishing, yielding bounteous fruit, and making all who know you bless you? Are you so useful that, were you once away it would not be easy to fill your place again; but people as they pointed to the void in the plantation—the hole in the ground—would say, "It was here that the cedar grew; it was here that the old palm-tree diffused his familiar shadow and showered his mellow clusters?" Or are you a peg, a pin, a rootless, branchless, fruitless thing that may be pulled up any day, and no one ever care to ask what has become of it? What are you doing? What are you contributing to the world's happiness, or the church's glory? What is your business?

Individuals there are who are doing something, though it would be difficult to specify what. They are busy, but it is busy idleness. "Their only labor is to kill the time. And labor dire it is and weary woe. They sit, they loiter, turn over some idle rhyme. Or saunter forth with idle steps and slow: This soon too rude an exercise they find—Straight on the couch, their limbs again they throw, Where hours on hours they, sighing, lie reclined, And court the vapory god soft-breathing in the wind."—*Castle of Indolence.*

The Barking of Infidels.

Dear Brother Hartzler: As I noticed among the "editorial briefs" of the *Messenger* that Ingersoll has issued a circular in which he threatens "the utter destruction of the Christian religion," I was reminded of the infidel lawyer and Christian judge who sat on the opposite sides of the table at a public dinner. The sceptical and conceited sprig of law monopolized the conversation by a tirade of abuse against the Christian religion and its votaries, appealing every now and then to the judge for the truth of his invectives. At length the judge laid aside his knife and fork and said: "I want to tell you about the strange conduct of a little cur that my neighbor owns; on a moon-light night he will go out behind the barn and bark at the moon, and he never ceases yelping until the break of day." The judge then began to eat again without making any comment upon the circumstance, when after a short and impressive silence, one of the company asked: "But what about the moon, judge?" "Oh, it kept on shining all the same," was the significant reply. The application was so stunning to the bombast of the sceptic that he was not heard from any more at that dinner.

So let the infidels open their mouths wide in an incessant and hideous howl against the religion of Jesus Christ, it nevertheless "keeps on shining all the same," in this world's dark night of ignorance and sin, and millions of earth's inhabitants are now walking in its light with the heart-exulting hope of an approaching morning of eternal day, and millions more will doubtless live to enjoy its hallowed influence long after the sod shall grow on the grave of Ingersoll.—*Rev. Jacob Smith, Somerset, Pa., in Evangelical Messenger.*

"Outside Workers."

A thought for them to reflect upon:—"Is Mr. Hayes a Christian?" I asked a friend.

"No, he is an outside worker, like myself." "Outside worker! What do you mean by that?"

"Oh, Hayes and I have classes in the Sunday-school, because some of the Christians want to go home and get a warm dinner, and they can do no better than to take us for teachers. Then we sing in the choir, and sometimes, to help along, sing in the prayer meeting. We give something toward the minister's salary, etc. I don't know how they could get along," continued my friend, half jokingly, "if it were not for a few outside workers."

"Outside of what?"

"Why, outside of the church."

"Why not come inside?"

"Oh, I'm not a Christian. I can't do that. I think I can do as much where I am."

"Do! that is not the first thing. It is *be* what is right. Why not *be* a Christian? then you can *do* from love?"

"Oh, I don't know. I cannot yet. I mean to sometime."

"When?"

"You shake your head. 'Ah, my friend, do not stay outside too long. Some foolish virgins tried that, and they never got inside of the door. It was shut and they had to stay outside forever."

Beware, lest you be left outside of Heaven.—*Advance.*

The Saloon Business Defined.

It is a business which is opposed to every clergyman in the country.

It is a business which is the standing dread of every mother.

It is a business which is the standing fear of many fathers.

It is a business which is the horror of nearly every wife.

It is a business which makes ninety per cent. of the business of the criminal courts.

It is a business which makes ninety per cent of the pauperism for which the tax-payer has to pay.

It is a business which keeps employed an army of policemen in the cities.

It is the business which puts out the fire on the hearth and condemns wives and children to hunger, cold, and rags.

It is the business which fosters vice for profit, and educates in wickedness for gain.

Drunkenness comprises all other vices. It is the dictionary of vice, for it includes every vice. Drunkenness means speculation, theft, robbery, arson, forgery, murder—for it leads to all these crimes.

Dr. E. de Pressense says: "One thing which strikes me very much about this new invasion of Cholera (which cannot be compared in gravity with the terrible epidemic of 1832 and 1847) is that the panic is out of all proportion to the actual danger. Migration from Toulon has been going on at an unparalleled rate. Of course all those who occupy posts of authority and responsibility remain, but the common people are fleeing wildly. In places not yet attacked by the disease as, for instance, in Paris, we observe also a very exaggerated state of alarm in the public mind. I do not hesitate myself to ascribe this excessive fear to the recent progress of materialism and the decay of faith in God. It is easy enough to take one's stand as free thinker, denying all divine certainties, when one is well and strong, and the prospect of dying is only a little cloud on the far horizon. But the case is very different when one is confronted with an epidemic which suspends its drawn sword over every festive table. Thus the decline of faith in our day is making itself painfully felt, and the scoffers become the cowards."

An old man ninety-three years of age, a native of Spain, has just returned from this country, where he has been living many years, to his native land. There is nothing remarkable about this, but the prodigious family which accompanied him back was certainly remarkable. It consisted of sixteen daughters, twenty-three sons, thirty-four granddaughters, forty-seven grandsons, forty-five great-granddaughters, thirty-nine great-grandsons, three great-great-granddaughters, and seventy-two sons-in-law and daughters-in-law, making in all 279 persons. The old man has been three times married, and his oldest son is seventy years of age. The ship upon which he and his astonishing family colony went to Europe belongs to him, and is commanded by one of his numerous grandsons. Notwithstanding his age, the old man enjoys excellent health. Every day he takes two hours' gymnastic exercises walks for two hours, and directs the education of his great-grandchildren.

He has never used spirituous liquor in any form, and does not smoke. He will shortly be presented at the court of Madrid.